

## The Drug

by sting12

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Summary: Set during 'The Brothers' episode. What if Dr. Labashi thought Takis was faking being sick so he switches medications for pleasure. Now after the mission is complete, the IMF will have to help Paris through the days of pain and fever.

## The Drug

The meeting with Samandal was going very well as Paris posing as a playboy was getting the prince to sign on with his oil company instead of renewing the old contract. Paris knew what the plan was and was ready to act so that Jim would be able to get into the palace. As the prince and he began coming down the stairs, Paris began explaining what he would do in the next few hours. Just like in the plan they had prepared, halfway down, Paris slumped over as if in great pain, falling down the stairs.

The prince was at his side yelling at the guards, "Get Dr. Labashi."

"Nooo..." Paris shook his head groaning.

"What is it? What's wrong?" The prince asked.

"Get my own man...Dr. Schmidt...my hotel suite." Paris groaned knowing he had to make everyone around him believe he was in serious pain.

"Get him at once, and take him to the infirmary." The prince demanded.

Paris groaned as he was picked up by the two guards, allowing them to half drag him to a room. Being laid in bed, Paris waited until the guards had left, before he got up knowing all he had to do now was wait for Jim to come and inject him with some harmless drug. Hearing someone in the hallway, Paris got back in the bed laying down as he heard the voices of Jim plus the doctor and Lisa who was acting as

the pretty woman he always traveled with. Keeping his body still, Paris listened to Jim and the others talking before injecting him with the drug. After telling the prince and doctor that he would check on him later, they left leaving Paris alone with Lisa and the prince. Once Lisa had agreed to have dinner with the prince that night, Paris heard the prince leave knowing Lisa and he were alone in the room.

"He is gone." Lisa spoke first.

Paris opened his eyes, putting his arm behind his head, "Why couldn't it be this simple for all of our jobs."

"That's only because your part was simple. You're just a playboy faking sickness in order for the prince to agree to buy some oil from you."

"Hey it worked didn't it. Now you better get ready so not to keep the prince waiting tonight." Paris spoke.

As Lisa bid him farewell, Paris smiled lying back down and drifting off to sleep knowing he wouldn't be needed until a few hours past. While he was asleep, Labashi came in staring down at Paris with hatred and wanting revenge. Labashi having heard all of what Paris and Lisa spoke of, pulled out a little container of medicine that was the same texture and color of Dr. Schmidt. Once he had changed the medication, Labashi left the room knowing that Dr. Schmidt would be coming back shortly. Paris waking up a little bit later, slowly opened his eyes looking up to Jim aka Dr. Schmidt and Dr. Labashi in the room.

Jim looked down at Paris filling the syringe up with the drug before injecting it into Paris veins, "Easy Takis, you've had one of your attacks. You're at the palace where the prince is allowing you to rest."

Paris nodded but still acted confused, "Dr. Schmidt?"

"He came as soon as you collapsed Takis." Dr. Labashi said hating that this playboy had everyone fooled.

"Just rest Takis and you should be good as new in the morning." Jim told him as he left the room with Dr. Schmidt.

Paris nodded relaxing as if he was going back to sleep. Feeling the covers being pulled back up against his chest, Paris let his mind drift off knowing the next time he would be needed was for the operation of the prince and king. It wasn't long before Paris slowly awoke to Lisa coming in the room stating she was just about to go grab Dr. Labashi so that Paris could switch with him in the operating room.

Getting up Paris found that his body had become stiff and sore, figuring it was from lying on the bed so long. Lisa noticed Paris moving slower, "You alright?"

"Yeah I'm just stiffer than I thought I would be." Paris stated.

"Well get ready, I'm going to go get Dr. Labashi now." Lisa stated

leaving the room.

Paris nodded making the bed up to look like he was still lying there. Pulling on a doctor's gown, Paris made sure it was tied on properly. Then getting behind the door, Paris waited until Lisa brought in Labashi. Waiting until the man had come fully into the room, Paris hit him on the back of the head knocking the man out. Putting the man on top of the bed, Paris pulled out a pair of glasses making himself look like Labashi. Heading into the operating room, Paris nodded to Jim as he stood beside him holding the oxygen mask over the prince's face.

As the fake operation continued, Paris found his body beginning to get cold shivers. Figuring it was due to the temperature in the room, Paris allowed his mind to focus back on the task at hand. Finally after a few hours, the fake operation was over and Jim and them brought back the real king and allowed Hatafis to think he killed the king. Once the king was back in power, Jim and the others headed to the house they had been set up with to relax up for a few days.

Heading into the house, everyone went and picked out a room for themselves before heading back down to the kitchen where Lisa began cooking them some dinner. Jim noticing Paris looking a little paler than normal came over to him.

Jim asked, "Paris you alright?"

"Yeah Jim, I'm just a little stiff and tired from lying around on that bed." Paris remarked.

Willie smiled, "Paris I would love to be in your shoes, just able to lay down on a mission."

"Yeah you had it easy this time." Barney chuckled.

"It wasn't all lying down; I'm the one that had to talk the prince into buying oil which allowed me to get into the palace which also allowed us to complete the mission." Paris stated.

Lisa laughed, "Well to me everything seemed to be just easy for you."

"Well this mission is over with now, let's eat and just relax." Jim smiled patting Paris on the shoulder.

All sitting down at the table, began piling their plates up with food that was cooked by Lisa. After eating the meal, Jim invited them to sit in the living room for a little drink. Deciding he might need that, Paris stood up starting to head towards the living room with everyone else, however caught himself swaying as he reached out grabbing onto Willie.

"Paris?" Willie grabbed onto him keeping him steady.

"Sorry Willie, I just got a little dizzy for a moment." Paris smiled.

"Maybe all that lying down has messed with you." Willie smirked.

Barney having noticed his other team members weren't following came back to see what was going on, "Thought you two wanted a drink."

"Barney, get Jim." Willie told Barney feeling Paris shivering.

Paris started to protest however Barney walked away faster than he could say something. A short time passed before Jim and Lisa came back followed by Barney.

"What's going on?" Jim asked the look of concern all over his face.

"It's nothing Jim; I just got a little dizzy." Paris stated.

Willie shook his head, "You're shivering."

"Willie help him back to his room." Jim stated.

Paris shook his head, "I'm fine really."

"Look maybe you are just sore, but I think you should get some rest." Jim stated.

Nodding Paris told everyone night before he began heading back to his room, Willie staying right behind him to make sure he wasn't going to fall. Once at his room, Paris thanked Willie before going in and shutting his door. Changing out of his suite, Paris put on his night pajamas before crawling into the bed pulling the covers over his head. Lying there, Paris began to realize how awful he was starting to feel. Other than his body shivering constantly, he found his head was beginning to hurt and his body was sore. Figuring he just needed a good night's sleep, Paris drifted off not realizing the worst had yet to come.

Meanwhile the other agents had gone to bed hoping that by morning their friend would be back to his old self. The next morning they awoke going into the kitchen where Lisa was getting stuff out to make for breakfast. Once breakfast was finished cooking, Jim began to worry that Paris had not come out of his room yet. Deciding he might just be deciding to sleep in, Jim ate with the others making sure Lisa put back a plate of food for him. After everyone ate, Jim told the others to head into the living room while he went to check on Paris.

Going toward Paris room, Jim began to hear a commotion within, wondering what Paris was doing. Knocking on the door, Jim waited for Paris to answer. Getting nothing but silence, Jim knocked again waiting a few moments before he tried the handle finding the door was unlocked. Pushing the door open slowly, Jim peaked his head in not spotting anything at first. Moving further in, Jim noticed Paris huddled in the corner of his bed.

"Paris?" Jim called out unsure what was going on.

Coming closer to Paris, Jim noticed Paris was shaking and curled in on himself, "No! No! No, don't come near me. Stay away!"

"Paris it's me Jim." Jim tried to keep calm.

"No! no...Meerghan stay away!" Paris shook his head before jumping over the bed running to the corner of the room.

Jim stopping where he was inched his way over to Paris noticing he looked terrified. Getting down on his knees, Jim crawled over to Paris, "Paris listen to me, it's Jim. There's no one here that's going to hurt you."

Paris looked at Jim still shaking but didn't move as Jim got closer. Reaching out a hand, Jim touched Paris forehead realizing the heat coming off of him, "Paris can you hear me? I need you to hear me."

Paris sitting there blinked a few times before it seemed he came back to his senses, "Jim? What's going on? What's happening?"

"I don't know but we are going to find out. You've got a high fever and were calling out a moment of go."

Paris shivered wrapping his arms around himself, "I don't know what's going on."

"When did you start feeling off?" Jim asked.

Paris tried to think back, "After the second injection you gave me."

Jim nodded starting to stand up knowing he should get the others knowing there had to be something behind it. Starting to leave, Jim felt Paris hand on his wrist keeping him there. Looking back at Paris, Jim knew something wasn't right seeing the fear still in Paris fevered eyes. Assuring him he wasn't leaving, Jim got up going to the door calling out for the others. It was only a few minutes to pass before Willie, Barney and Lisa entered the room concern all over their faces at seeing Paris in the corner.

"What's going on Jim?" Barney asked.

"I'm not sure yet Barney, but I think someone switched the medication that I gave Paris. He was terrified just moments ago." Jim responded.

Willie looked at Paris who was trying to stand, going over to him reaching out to help him to his feet. Paris caught off guard cried out flinching away as he went to the other side looking at Jim.

Lisa looked at Jim, "What can we do for him Jim?"

"I think it's time for a visit back to the king. If it was someone who switched the medications, it had to be that Dr. Labashi." Willie stated.

Barney nodded, "I agree with Willie. Paris needs help."

"Alright I'll go talk to the king, see what I can find out." Jim stated, "Lisa stay with Paris try to keep him calm. He's got a high fever and I don't want it getting worse."

Paris noticed Jim leaving, "Don't leave!"

Jim came over to Paris slowly as not to frighten him again, "Paris, there's something wrong. I need to find out what was in that medication I gave you."

Shaking his head Paris reached for Jim's hand, "Noâ€|he'll come backâ€|"

Jim tried to calm him but looked over at the group, "Lisa, you and Barney take the medication to the king. Explain to him what's going on and see what they can do. Willie and I will stay with Paris."

Barney nodded, "Alright Jim."

Lisa and Barney left as Willie slowly approached Paris and Jim. Jim looked to Paris, "Willie's going help you back into bed. You need to rest; your fever is very high."

Paris nodded looking to Willie, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to react that way. Don't know what's happened."

"It's alright Paris, I understand." Willie smiled.

Bending over, Willie helped Paris to his feet helping him walk over to the bed. Laying him down, Willie pulled the sheet over top of him while Jim went to grab a cold washcloth. At the touch of the cold, Paris flinched moving away. Telling him it would help; Jim got him calm before placing it on him hoping it would get the fever down. Noticing he seemed to be resting easier at the moment, Willie and Jim moved towards the door.

"Jim that fever is high. I could feel the heat through his clothes." Willie stated.

"I know Willie; let's hope Barney and Lisa are able to turn up something at the palace." Jim stated.

Deciding to stay with Paris, Jim sent Willie into the kitchen for some water knowing they needed to keep Paris hydrated. Coming back Jim got Paris to drink some before allowing him to head back to sleep. Tossing some in his sleep, Jim and Willie found that Paris would settle back once they spoke to him. An hour passed by before Barney and Lisa came back to the house their faces looking grim. Coming into Paris room, Barney motioned for Jim and Willie to come out leaving Lisa to sit with Paris.

"Did you speak with the king?" Jim asked.

"Yes Lisa spoke to him while he allowed me to question Labashi along with getting the medication analyzed." Barney nodded.

"What did it turn up?" Willie asked.

"The drug is named Fintasis; apparently it was used on soldiers as torture and ways to making them talk. Dr. Labashi got it from Hatafis when he thought that Paris was faking the attack just to get closer to the king and the oil." Barney explained.

"What does it do exactly to the victim?" Jim asked.

"It's not good Jim." Barney sighed.

Willie sighed, "Just tell us what we should expect Barney."

"For the next 48 hours, Paris is going to be going through a high fever, plus the medication will introduce a state of terror for him every so often. They can get so bad that he doesn't know who we are. I was told by one of the king's physicians that there is nothing we can do except wait until it leaves his system." Barney explained.

"How will we know when it's all out of his system?" Willie questioned.

"Apparently when the fever breaks means the medication is out of his system." Barney replied.

Starting to head into the kitchen for something to drink, they were all stopped by Lisa's voice, "JIM!"

Rushing into Paris's room, Jim and the others came in finding Paris huddled in the corner and Lisa trying to get near him. Jim moved over pulling Lisa away, "Are you hurt?"

"No I was just startled a little. One minute he was laying there resting but when I went to rewet the cloth, he jumped away from me going into the corner."

Jim nodded, "Alright how about you go fix us something for lunch while I see if we can get him calm."

Lisa nodded leaving the room heading towards the kitchen while Jim and the others took care of Paris. Looking towards Paris, Jim felt his heart sink knowing that no agent should ever go through what he was dealing with now. Waiting a few minutes for Paris to calm down some, Jim slowly made his way over to Paris. Willie and Barney stayed back knowing they didn't want Paris to feel that he was being cornered. Easing over to Paris, Jim kneeled down beside him, talking to him until Paris seemed to come back to his senses. Once he was safe to move again, Willie came over beside Jim helping Paris get to his feet. Starting to walk to the bed, Paris felt his legs betray him as Willie wrapped a strong arm around him lifting him onto the bed.

"Thanks..." Paris smiled.

"No problem." Willie smiled.

Barney having gone to check on lunch came back into the room, "Lisa says lunch is ready. Paris she made some soup for you if you think you can keep anything down."

Paris nodded, "I'll give it a try."

Bringing in a tray of soup, Paris found his body was so tired from the fever and terrors, that he could barely hold a spoon. Lisa come in decided to help him figuring he would be more easier with her instead of the guys feeding him. Once he had ate what he could, Paris allowed Jim to help him lay back down as the wet rag was placed back

on his forehead. Shivering from the fever, Barney pulled a cover up over him knowing there was nothing else they could do. Noticing he was resting once again, everyone went to eat lunch knowing they would be able to hear if he called out.

Paris awoke blinking his eyes while trying to get his mind to tell him where he was. Slowly pushing himself up, he grabbed his head feeling it pounding and his muscles protesting. Spotting the cloth on the bed, he realized it was for the fever he knew he had. Feeling his stomach doing flips, Paris slowly pulled the covers off of him before he placed his feet on the carpet. Remembering the team there with him, Paris tried to call out but found his mouth dry making his voice less than a whisper. Shivering, Paris stood up standing by the bed waiting to see if his legs would fail him. Slowly moving over to the door, Paris realized he didn't remember where the bathroom was.

Heading out to the hallway, Paris used the walls for support, as he went to the living room not spotting any of the team. Feeling fear starting to overcome him, Paris went into the kitchen spotting his friends around the table.

Willie being the first to spot Paris, rushed over to him as Paris felt his legs going out from underneath him, "Paris, you shouldn't be moving around."

Paris tried to focus to say something but felt his stomach protesting. Jim noticing his face reached for a bucket sticking it in front of Paris right before he lost the battle with his stomach. Willie held Paris up so that he didn't fall forward as Paris lost all the soup from his stomach. Once it seemed nothing was left, Paris leaned back against Willie. Lisa grabbed a glass of water holding it to Paris lips allowing him to drink.

Jim knelt down beside Paris, "Paris, what were you doing? Why didn't you call out?"

"I...tried..." Paris spoke his voice just above a whisper.

"It's alright; let's get you back to bed." Barney smiled.

Willie putting his arms underneath Paris picked him up carrying him back to his room. Jim followed him while Barney and Lisa decided to clean away lunch. Going back into his room, Willie laid Paris down onto the bed gently while Jim rewet the cloth coming back to the bed placing it on Paris forehead.

Paris flinched at the cold cloth looking up to Jim and Willie, "What's...wrong..."

"Dr. Labashi switched medications on you. You're going to be very ill for a few days, but don't worry we are here to take care of you." Jim explained.

Willie nodded, "Just rest Paris."

Paris seeming to understand drifted off to sleep just as Lisa and Barney came in. Lisa looked to Paris, "Is there anything we can do?"



Jim stated, "Afraid not Lisa, except sit with him."

Willie nodded, "I think we should start doing that. His fever feels very high and that moving around didn't help him."

Barney having heard the conversation came into the room, "Jim I think you've been in here the most, so why don't you go to the living room to relax. I can watch until dinner, and then Lisa can take over, then Willie."

"Alright I'll go after that, but make sure you get me if he has another attack." Jim stated.

"Don't worry, just go relax." Barney stated.

Jim nodded taking one last look at Paris before leaving the room. Willie placed a hand on Barney smiling to him before leaving the room. Pulling up a chair, Barney reached for a magazine before looking through the pages. Throughout the hours, Barney kept the cloth wet on Paris forehead trying to keep it from going any higher. As dinner came closer, Barney looked to Paris glad that he was still resting somewhat even though he had called out a few times in the past hours. Once dinner had come, Lisa came into the room relieving Barney assuring him she had ate already. Smiling, Barney got up stretching as he went to get some dinner as Lisa took over.

Noticing Paris beginning to toss some, Lisa came over to the bed sitting on the edge as she took the cloth wiping the sweat off of Paris face and neck. Touching his forehead, Lisa was glad to find the fever hadn't went any higher however it was still too high for anyone to have. Going into the bathroom, Lisa got the cloth wet before coming back placing it on Paris.

As he began whimpering, Lisa tried to soothe him, "Shhh...it's alright Paris."

Paris slowly opened his eyes, looked up at Lisa, "Li..."

"Shhh, don't talk. I'm right here." Lisa smiled noticing his eyes were glazed with fever.

Looking past her, Paris began shaking as if in fear. Grabbing onto Lisa, Paris tried to move, "Do...n't...let him...no..."

"Paris, there's no one here. Your safe and we are all here." Lisa soothed him.

"Pro...mise?" Paris asked but still looked past her.

"Yes, I promise. Look he's gone, see." Lisa got up moving over to the room throwing her arms up as if she was throwing someone out.

Seeming to believe her, Paris relaxed on the bed drifting off to sleep. Sighing Lisa came over wishing the next day would come knowing that by the end of it, Paris would hopefully be back to his old self. Going back over to the bed, Lisa sat in the chair bending over to touch Paris hand letting him know she wasn't going anywhere. After a few hours, Lisa managed to get Paris to drink some more water in between his moments of waking and sleeping. Laying her head on the

bed, Lisa jerked awake when she felt Willie's hand on her shoulder.

"I didn't realize I had fallen asleep." Lisa smiled looking to Paris glad to see he was resting.

Willie shook his head, "I should have relieved you sooner."

"It's alright, I'm just glad he's resting. He hasn't had a moment in a good few hours."

"Good now go get some sleep."

Nodding Lisa got up heading out of the room as Willie sat down looking over his teammate, hoping to see him up on his feet soon. Moving around the room, Willie began pacing around not used to the idea of not doing anything. Dropping to the floor, Willie did a few pushups before hearing Paris starting to stir on the bed. Getting up, Willie moved over to Paris touching the cloth noticing it was almost dry. Going to the bathroom, Willie got it wet before coming back noticing Paris was tossing more. Starting to place the cloth back on him, Willie realized he was dreaming as he began crying out to an imaginary person.

"Paris, hey it's alright." Willie grabbed onto his shoulders to keep him from moving around too much.

Paris tried to struggle out of his grip but Willie kept a strong hold on him, "No...no...Meerghan...leave...alone..."

"No one's going hurt you Paris." Willie assured him wiping the sweat from his feverish face.

Paris slowly stopped tossing opening his eyes, trying to focus on who was above him, "Wi...?"

"Yeah it's me Paris."

"Tired...hurts...so wea..." Paris looked up at him struggling to get the words out.

"I know it's the medication he gave you. Your be better by tomorrow night. For now you need to rest."

"Where's...others?"

"They are asleep, we are taking turns."

"Thanks..." Paris eyes closed as he went back to sleep.

Glad to know he was alright, Willie let go of his shoulders moving back into the chair sitting there a while. Noticing his mouth dry, Willie went to the kitchen grabbing a glass of water coming back glad to see that Paris hadn't moved an inch. After a hour, Willie went grabbing another glass of water noticing Paris was starting to wake and figured he should be getting something to drink. Coming back, Willie placed his knee on the bed propping Paris up on it as he placed the water to his lips. Paris not realizing how thirsty he was drank the water down in sips. Once he was finished, Willie flipped his pillow over before laying Paris back down.

"Is there anything you need?" Willie asked.

Paris nodded, "Bathroom."

"Alright how do you want to do it? You want to stay in bed or see about going to the bathroom?" Willie asked.

Paris remarked, "Want to stand."

Willie nodded pulling the covers off of Paris before helping Paris sit up. Once up, Paris grabbed onto Willie feeling as if the room was moving around him. Once he was sure his stomach was going to protest the movement, Paris nodded to Willie that he was ready as Willie helped him to his feet wrapping an arm around his waist for support. Then slowly they made their way to the bathroom, where Willie positioned Paris in front of the toilet. Not trusting that he could stand on his own, Willie held his back while looking away so Paris would have some privacy. Waiting until Paris was done; Willie helped him over to the sink to wash his hands. Heading back to the room, Paris felt as if the small trip had doubled since they started.

Willie feeling Paris starting to shiver and walking more slowly tightened his grip, "Almost there Paris, not too much farther."

Paris nodded glad to know Willie was there. Shivering Paris knew it was from the fever but soon found his body not obeying him as his legs buckled under him. Feeling him going down, Willie kept a hold on him as he took his other arm placing them underneath Paris legs lifting him up in the air. Carrying him back to the room, Willie started to lay him back down when he realized the sheets were wet from where Paris was laying there.

Sitting Paris in the chair, Willie held his face in his hands, "Paris are you with me?"

Paris nodded, "Mmm."

"Alright just sit right here, I'm going change the sheets first." Willie stated before leaving him there pulling all the dirty sheets off first.

Grabbing some fresh ones from the closet, Willie made sure Paris wasn't moving as he began to put the new sheets on fast as possible. Paris watched Willie while trying not to fall over, his body's strength almost spent from the trip to the bathroom. Noticing movement out of the corner of his eye, Paris spotted Meerghan coming into the room, an evil grin on his face. Trying to warn Willie, Paris found he couldn't cry out as Meerghan moved closer to him causing the fear to rise in him. Struggling to get out of the car, Paris collapsed onto the floor as he began crawling into the corner.

Willie spotting Paris moved over towards him but was pushed back by Paris, "No no no"

"Paris, it's just me." Willie stated.

"No! Meerghan! stop! Willie!" Paris shut his eyes shaking his head.

"I'm here Paris, Meerghan can't harm you." Willie stated.

Reaching out to touch him, Paris flinched back trying to get past him. Backing away Willie tried to soothe Paris, but he kept muttering about Meerghan. Hearing someone behind him, Willie turned around sighing when he spotted Jim coming in. Coming over to Paris, Jim knelt down in front of him talking to him, until Paris seemed to realize where he was. Helping him over to the bed, Jim got him covered up while handing the cloth to Willie to rewet. Bringing the cloth back, Willie placed it on Paris forehead before Jim assured him he could take over. Leaving the room, Willie went to his room laying down knowing Jim would be fine.

Jim watched Willie leave before he went to sit down but stopped feeling Paris grab his arm. Looking back to Paris, Jim noticed his eyes were feverish and he still terrified, "Don't leave me."

"I'm not going anywhere Paris; I'm going be here throughout the rest of the night."

Paris nodded releasing Jim's arm as he drifted back into the feverish sleep. Sitting down, Jim pulled the chair close to the bed as possible; making sure Paris knew he was there. As the night drifted on, Jim found although Paris's fever wasn't going any higher, he was having nightmares more often than he had. Not sure if it was due to the fever or medication, Jim stayed close touching Paris arm every-time he would call out. Noticing Paris seemed to be resting easier when he spoke; Jim grabbed a magazine reading a few articles just to keep Paris resting easier.

Once morning came, Jim got up stretching and feeling Paris forehead glad to find the fever had lessened some. Hoping by that afternoon his fever would break, Jim kept the cloth wet knowing he didn't want it spiking back up. Hearing the others in the house moving around, Jim stayed in the room afraid to leave Paris. In a short moment, all three of his team came into the room deciding to check on their friend.

"How's he doing?" Barney asked.

"The fever has lessened however it's still there. He started calling out more last night but so far this morning he's been quiet." Jim stated.

Lisa came over placing a hand on Jim's shoulder, "Why don't you go get something to eat Jim."

"I'm not actually hungry at the moment Lisa." Jim shook his head.

Willie sighed, "Paris just has today to get through Jim. We both know he's strong and that he will make it through this."

"I know Willie, it's just he seems to rest easier knowing I'm around. I don't want him to wake up and start to panic." Jim stated.

Lisa came up with an idea, "How about I fix you some breakfast and bring it in here. That way you can eat it and still watch over Paris."

"Thanks Lisa." Jim smiled.

Leaving Jim alone, the guys went to help Lisa with breakfast knowing so far they had been letting her do all of it. Once breakfast was finished, Barney brought Jim a tray of food before going back to eat his own. After eating Jim called for one of the guys to come get the dishes. After a few more hours go by, the group comes in noticing Jim was looking tired deciding they would have to try something.

"Jim, you look tired." Barney pointed out.

Jim shook his head, "I'm fine really."

Willie sighed coming over to Jim standing in between him and Paris, "Look your tired. You have took your watch just like we all have. Now let us take over for you."

"It's fine." Jim stated.

"No it's not. Paris wouldn't want you like this just because of him. Now go take a shower, and get some rest." Lisa told him.

Realizing he wasn't going to win, Jim slowly got up, "Alright, you guys win."

Heading out of the room, Jim went to his own grabbing some clothes before getting into the shower letting the water run over him. Once he felt relaxed, Jim got out drying off and putting on some other clothes before laying down falling to sleep right as his head hit the pillow. Although it only felt like minutes, Jim was waking up hours later to a commotion coming from the other room. Sitting up, Jim threw the covers away before rushing towards Paris room knowing something wasn't right. Entering into the room, Jim was shocked to find Paris pushing Barney away. Coming in, Jim noticed Paris face was sweaty while his eyes covered in fever.

"What happened?" Jim demanded.

Willie came over to Jim, "It's one of those terror attacks, but this one seems to be more severe."

"I thought you were going to watch him." Jim stated.

Barney backed away from Paris, "We were but it just happened so suddenly that we had no chance to react."

"Alright, we need to get him calmed down. His fever is probably higher than it was." Jim stated looking to Paris.

Slowly approaching Paris, Jim held up his hands, "Paris, it's me, it's Jim. Your safe, your safe."

Paris backed away shaking his head, "No...Meerghan...leave me..."

"Paris, we are here to help." Jim stated.

Paris shook his head keeping away until he backed into the wall, his legs collapsing from weakness, "Stay...away! Meer...ghan...no...please..."

Jim looked to Willie and the guys, "He's needs to calm down quickly. I don't know what could happen if that fever gets higher than it already is."

Barney looked at Jim, "What do you suggest?"

Jim thought for a moment, before looking to them, "Where's Lisa?"

"In the living room, why?" Willie questioned.

"Go get her, tell her to bring a bowl of cold water and some cloths." Jim stated.

Willie rushed off to tell Lisa before returning to the room. Jim pulled the two guys back over in the corner away from Paris, "Barney you get on his right side while I go at him from front. Willie how long you think you can hold Paris?"

"Don't worry I got your idea." Willie smiled.

Going towards Paris, Barney and Jim began trying to get through to him while Willie got ready to grab him when he moved. Paris feeling as if it was Meerghan coming after him noticed an opening as he took it rushing through them. Willie grabbing Paris from behind pinned him to his chest holding him still as Paris struggled against him. As Barney and Jim reached to hold his legs, Willie slide down leaning back against the bed keeping his grip tight as Paris cried out for help. Lisa coming into the room placed the bowl down giving the clothes to Jim. Jim reaching for the cloth began wiping Paris face off and arms, trying to get him cooled down. Doing this for an hour while also speaking soothing words to Paris, it seemed to work as Paris relaxed in Willis grip. Once Jim was sure that Paris had calmed down, he agreed Willie could place him back onto the bed. Laying him down, Willie covered him up as Jim continued to wipe his face. After an hour of passed, Jim was glad to notice that Paris fever had lessened once again.

Another hour passed before Paris began to stir. Slowly opening his eyes, he looked up spotting his teammates all staring at him. Jim smiled reaching up to touch his forehead, "Welcome back."

"How...long?" Paris asked noticing his voice sounded weak.

"Almost two days of high fever and terrors. Your fever just broke a moment of go. How do you feel?" Willie asked.

"Weak...tired." Paris told them.

Barney nodded, "That's to be expected. Here drink some of this." Willie helped sit him up as Barney held a cup of water to his lips.

Once he drank all he could, Paris smiled, "Thanks..."

Lisa smiled, "I'm glad to have you back."

"So...am I...thanks for everything." Paris smiled trying to keep his eyes open.

"No problem, it's what a team supposed to do." Barney smiled.

Jim nodded, "Yes now get some rest. Once you gotten your strength back, we can head back home."

Willie nodded, "And I'll have to get you to a gym, build up those muscles again."

Paris smiled, "I look...forward to it...so...tired."

"Go to sleep Paris, we aren't going anywhere." Jim assured him touching his shoulder.

Paris nodded shutting his eyes and letting a peacefull sleep come over him. Glad that he was going to be better, the others went to rest but also keeping an eye on their partner. Within a few days, Paris found he had enough strength to return back home. Then in a weeks time, the group had gotten a new assignment and was ready to start all over again.

The End!

End  
file.